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actly how a store should be run proved a decided advantage for dad. His problems were different from those facing the owner of a country store in a Kansas farming community. He had to supply the wants of people from many entirely different communities. In addition, I don't recall that we even considered that we might have Indian customers as well as white; yet we accumulated an Indian business that for probably three years actually overshadowed our white homesteader trade.

An example of the diversity of tastes, though an extreme one, is tobacco. My guess at this time is that at least eight out of ten men chewed, and many both chewed and smoked. There were five popular brands of chewing tobacco, led by Star and Horseshoe. We also carried at least ten lesser brands. Our sales of chewing tobacco, in due time, were well over one hundred pounds a week. Because we tried to satisfy everyone's taste, many people gave us their business in preference to trading at a store that carried only two or three brands, expecting their customers to take what they could get.

Duke's Mixture and Bull Durham took care of most of the cigarette smokers' needs, and about four other brands took care of the rest of the smokers. The ladies' snuff wants were not so diversified. Honest, Garrett's, and Tube Rose, each in five, ten, and twenty-five cent sizes, cared for their needs.

For the first year or so, as there was no drugstore closer than Lawton, a stock of standard drugs was a must. Generally speaking, Indian country is malaria country. Though the Indian had built up a resistance or immunity to the disease, his mosquito friends played havoc with white people coming from a nonmalarial area.

Calomel, quinine, castor oil, Grove's Chill Tonic, Black Draught, and Epsom salts were musts. Castoria and Chamberlain's were mostly for the little folks. Then of course there was need of spirits and oil of turpentine for antiseptics, camphor and oil of cloves for aching teeth, and Sloan's liniment for those who developed rheumatism. Sick horses had to have spirits of niter.

Regardless of where people came from, they could bring but little food along. Few arrived in time to get out a garden the first year, and of course there were no orchards. They could make their old clothes last over, but they had to buy food. There were lots of cattle in the country, but no butcher shops. Because there was no ice, we could get fresh meat during warm weather only when someone would butcher his animals in the hope that he could sell the meat before it spoiled.

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000 driven east to the Nations and easily had at least a thirty-six hour start on any pursuit.

Caring for the store's money was a disturbing chore. It was nearly two years before we were able to get a safe, and yet another year before we had a local bank. About the time we got our store started, Dad bought the relinquishment on an improved claim. It was about a mile and a half from the store to the house on the claim. The homesteader was returning to Texas by wagon, so he sold us his furniture as well. When we began living on the claim, it meant carrying the money back and forth.

As it was always dark, winter or summer, before we could close the store, we worked various and sundry schemes to get the money back and forth. It was my job to hitch up the team, as well as to carry the silver. We could easily have two to three hundred dollars in silver if the freight wagons had been held up a day or two.

After I had tied the team out front, I would continue working around the store, including making necessary trips out to the tent warehouse in the rear. Finally I would stroll out into the darkness and not come back. I would have the coin sacks, my shotgun, and my bird dog. I tried to go a little different route each night; and before I approached the house I would send the dog ahead to inspect the house and barn to see if we had any company.

Mother handled the paper money and checks. She had a brownish tan wallet like the ones men carried in their inside coat pockets in those days. It was about the color of mesquite grass, and she had several feet of black thread fastened to it. She planned, if anyone stopped her, to throw the wallet out into the prairie. The thread would help us find it the next morning.

439 177 443 Our Indian business just seemed to happen. At least we had made no conscious effort to attract it. In fact, Dad and Mother never made any effort to learn the Comanche language. We were surprised to learn later that many merchants made it a practice to boost the price if an Indian was buying. I am sure that idea never occurred to any of [797] us. We were later to find that the missionaries had been checking our prices and bookkeeping and had passed the word on to the Indians that we had one price for all.

We had no family history of past trouble with Indians; so when an Indian came in the store we accorded him the same degree of courtesy that we did a white person, and the Indians responded.

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THE LOST ONES

WHEN WE WENT into the Comanche country in the spring of 1902, 114
it was not only a new country but a new way of life to me, a fourteen-year-old Kansas farm boy. The people I met, homesteaders or homeseekers, came from nearly every state in the Union, as well as from the Indian Nations. Ringed about us were Comanche families, camped rather than living on their allotments.

It was the Comanches, of course, who made the greatest impression on me. Almost as soon as Dad got his trading store opened, we started having an Indian trade. It just seemed to happen. We made no conscious effort to attract the Indians and wouldn't have known how had we wanted to try.

Mother bought our opening stock of dry goods, and she continued to do the buying as long as we ran the store. A few bolts of bright 443
colors, in both calico and gingham, together with matching cotton 177
braid, possibly proved an attraction to the Indian women at the start. Then too, Dad and Mother had the theory that we should treat everyone with the same degree of courtesy. These two things were the only concessions, if they were concessions, you could say we made.

Another thing that probably helped was that a missionary who 443
ran a mission back to the northeast on Blue Beaver Creek made a 177
check, unbeknownst to us, of the prices we charged to the white and 797

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the Indian customers. Later he ran another check on the accuracy of our bookkeeping. He passed this information on to the Indians. I can well remember my embarrassment when one day, after he had finished his investigations, the Reverend Mr. Deyo shook my hand and thanked me for "dealing honestly with my people." It seemed just a little hard for him to understand that a white merchant would voluntarily deal honestly with the Indians. But I am sure Dad, Mother, and I would have been just as puzzled had anyone suggested we deal any other way. At least, I never heard the subject discussed.

I am positive that at the time I had never heard the word "romantic," but it represents the way I thought about the Comanches in our trade territory. They belonged to the group known as Quohadie Tejas, or Antelope Eaters. Their range had been the high plains, centered in what is now the Texas Panhandle, and their leader was Quanah Parker. They had fought at Adobe Walls and in June, 1876, had been the last of the Comanches to surrender to the Army. By simple arithmetic, I knew that every male from the late forties upward had been a warrior. For my own convenience in thinking of them, I separated them into a group I called "the old fellows."

There was another group I didn't have to separate out, those ranging in age from their late teens to the late thirties or early forties. They separated themselves out. Not only did they hold themselves aloof from the whites, but there was a separateness between them and the older Indians—apparently including their own parents.

I learned that these particular Indians had been East to a school financed by the government at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. I learned that most of them had the equivalent of a high school education, and some had done college work. Now that they were home with the tribe, they made not the slightest move to use what they had learned, either to better their own condition or to be of assistance to the tribe.

They talked only Comanche among themselves, and wouldn't speak English when conversing with whites if they could make themselves understood by grunts, sign language, or pointing. I called these Indians the Carlisle group.

These young men and older boys, as well as the girls of the same age group, were better-looking Indians than the older, warrior-aged group and their squaws. It was most noticeable in their legs, which were straighter and better developed and appeared longer—the bandy look of the oldsters' legs had disappeared. These young Indians had

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When our store opened for business, we had everything to learn about merchandising, and so we had no customs or inhibitions to overcome. I believe this operated to our advantage, especially with the Indian business. Mother selected our dry goods, and her good taste resulted in our having an attractive array of bolts of calico and gingham. Having observed the Indian women's taste in colors and the way they trimmed their clothes, she bought boxes and boxes of braid to match the colors of the piece goods. This unusual display of dry goods undoubtedly did much to attract the Indian women to our store from the very start.

I soon learned the Comanche words and phrases I needed to wait on them. I had no dictionary—as far as I know, the Comanche words had never been listed and defined. My learning was pretty much catch-as-catch-can. I found I could go a long way with the expression *Osh-a-him.* This can be translated as "What is the Comanche word for this?" or "What is this?" or "Who is that man?" or "Whose horse is this?" or "What is that man's name?" and so on and on and on, by inflection of the voice, pointing, and the use of signs.

Boylike, I was much amused at the women's way of shopping. When a family came into the store to trade, one wife would come to the grocery counter and start buying. She knew exactly what she wanted and the amount she wanted. No matter if she had been to Carlisle, if she wanted fifty cents' worth of sugar she said, "*Pina*—four bits." When I had weighed out the sugar, she paid for it and then asked for the next article, always by its Indian name and in amounts divisible by a bit, or 12½ cents. Money to the Comanches was two bits, four bits, six bits, dollar, dollar two bits, etc. Buying in this fashion would continue until all the first wife's wants were satisfied. Then she would place her purchases in a clean flour sack she had brought along for the purpose, and would rejoin the wife group.

Now a second wife would come to the counter, and in the majority of cases would buy exactly what the first wife had bought—and in identical amounts. Then it was wife number three's turn. The only variation would come when they bought the sweets for the children. Each wife bought for her own children, generally some variety of cookies that we kept on display, under glass to protect them from dirt and flies. Usually the older children had their own money and made their own purchases.

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for at least five years. His brother must have put his brand on many horses. One thing I must not forget. We had figured my horse's age, by his teeth, as possibly eight or nine years old—though after seven their teeth are not too accurate a gauge.

Some five or six miles east of the town of Cache, Blue Beaver Creek liberates itself from the mountains and, flowing south, crosses the boundary between the Wild Life Refuge and the homestead-allotment area. Just there is located the Deyo Mission.

It took its name from its founder, the Reverend E. C. Deyo, a minister affiliated with the Northern Baptist Convention. A number of my old friends were charter members of the Native Baptist Church he organized there. The Reverend Deyo was a smallish man, about five feet six or seven inches tall. He wore an auburn Prince Albert beard that was always carefully trimmed. Rich colored, it was without a single gray hair.

He was one of the two missionaries I knew who learned the Comanche tongue and could converse and preach to the Comanches in their own language. He was in our store a number of times, directly after the country opened, when there would be an Indian gathering in our vicinity.

I never learned what, if any, religious influence Wer-que-yah may have experienced before the advent of Preacher Deyo, but it was quite evident that the little missionary and his church were influencing his later life.

A big event for me was making my first Grass Money payment on my own initiative, in the absence of my parents. I rode directly to the town of Cache before going to the reservation. I collected from an Indian or two I found in town, and learned from them where some of our other customers were camped.

There must have been two hundred or more Indian families in individual camps, scattered over possibly three hundred acres. The entrance to the camp-out was on the north, and a short way inside the gate sat the Red Store, the place of business of the licensed trader. He was a merchant licensed by the Indian Department. He operated on Indian ground and was permitted to do a credit business with the Indians, and he sat at the Army quartermaster's table when the payments were made. If the Indian being paid owed an account, the trader got his money first.

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many of the Indians from gambling when they had money. But as long as blackjack and three-card monte were dealt by Indians, the money remained in the tribe.

The camp-out on the reservation was dear to the older Indians' hearts. It was a reminder of the wild tribal days after the late summer buffalo hunt—the feasting, visiting, storytelling, gambling, and horse racing. There was no buffalo meat; but they had learned to eat beef, and there was plenty of money to buy it. Likewise, they could indulge in other goodies they had acquired a taste for—and the whiskey peddler came with the darkness each evening.

Mostly the visitors came from faraway tribes—people who didn't have Grass Money payments. They seemed to be old fellows, warrior age. Here, there, and yonder, you would see two old fellows squatted or sitting with their backs against blackjack trees, facing each other and visiting in the sign language. You were sure they were reriding the old war trails.

There was another string to the licensed trader's fiddle. Once an Indian failed to pay his bill to an independent trader, his credit with that merchant was gone. When out of money, he had to trade with the licensed trader. These traders' prices ran a great deal higher, and most Indians wanted to keep out of their clutches.

I got over my scare once the store's money was safe in the bank, and I rode back to the reservation. My memory is that I had seen about all of the Indians owing large accounts, and I had only the odds and ends to clean up. I never saw the marshal again that afternoon. I rode in home, eighteen miles, that night, starting after dark. Perhaps I should add that most adults with sense, large merchants from Lawton and surrounding towns, and the moneylenders set up camp in the section line outside the reservation gate. There they could catch the Indians going and coming.

Some readers may read a different meaning into the word *reservation* than I have in mind in this story. I use it here in the sense of land held back, reserved from allotment and homesteading, when the area was opened for settlement in 1901. There were three of these tracts, containing two or three sections each. One was at Fort Sill, one at Anadarko, and one just southwest of Cache. There was a licensed trading store on each tract, and the land was the property of the Indians. Reservation was the name in general use for these areas. The